

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENT.

Yes, I've been Deacon of our church
High as a kite, and eighty-eight;
Widened the way of dooty, too,
And kept my flock in the fold;
I've watched the children grow up,
Seen brown locks turn to gray,
But never saw a soul
As those I've seen to-day.

This church was built by godly men
To glorify the Lord;
In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight;
Folk couldn't then afford
Carpenter and cabinet, and such like—
The seats were just plain wood,
Too narrow for the sleepy ones;
In prayer we all stood.

And when the hymns were given out,
I tell you it was grand;
To hear our leader start the tunes,
With tunin' fork in hand!
Then good old "China," "Mear," and all,
Were heard on Sabbath days,
And men and women, boys and girls,
Joined in the song of praise.

But that old pulpit was my pride—
Just eight feet from the ground
They'd reared it up on either side
A narrow stairway led to it;
The front and ends were just carved
With scriptural stories all—
Kind of Moses, Jacob's dream,
And sinful Adam's fall.

Just room inside to put a chair,
The Bible on the ledge
(I'll own I did get nervous when
He shoved 'em 'round the edge)
Next week by week our Deacon stood,
The scrip to expound;
There, man and boy, I've sat below,
And not a fault was found.

Of course I've seen great changes made,
And thought against 'em, too;
But first a choir was introduced,
Then cushions in each pew;
Next, boughten carpet for the floor;
And then, that very year,
We got our new melodeon,
And the big shandy-leer.

Well, well! they tried to keep things straight—
I went to every meeting;
And voted "No" to all they said,
But found my influence fleetin';
At last the worst mortalin' fell—
Must blame Deacon Brown;
He helped the young folk when they said
The pulpit must come down.

They laughed at all these pious scenes
I'd found so edifyin';
Said, "When the parson rose to preach,
He looked a most a'fryin';
Said that 'Elijah's chariot'
Just half way up had carried;
And Deacon Brown sat and laughed
And so the p'int was carried.

This was last week. The carpenters
Have nearly made it end,
Exceeding my former seat, seems to me
As if I'd lost a friend.
"It is what the folks would say,"
More lookin' up would help us all
In this degin'ate day.

The church won't never seem the same
(I'm half afraid) to me,
Under the preachin' of the truth
I've been so used to be.
And now—to see our parson stand
Like any common man,
With just a railing around his desk—
I don't believe I can!

—Harper's, for January.

A BULGARIAN EPISODE.

Picture to yourself a straggling village, with a massive church for its most prominent object, embosomed amongst hills. Rich pasture-meadows dotted with grazing herds, cultivated fields, and orchard-groves, spread around on all sides; but the arable land is bare and the fruit-trees are stripped, for autumn is far advanced and the winter season approaching.

On the outskirts of the village and bordering the rutty road which runs through it there is a large farm-yard, with plenty of poultry pecking about and capacious out-buildings well stored with corn. The farm-house, being raised on posts, is open on what would be the ground floor, where heavy clumsy wagons, and instruments of agriculture, which the British farmer would consider very primitive, are visible; here, also, a pair of hardy horses are stabled. The dwelling-rooms are reached by an outside permanent ladder which politeness might call a staircase.

At the foot of this ladder there is standing a remarkably pretty girl, whose hands, though evidently used to harder work than playing the piano, are small and shapely; the beauty of whose feet, well displayed below the short skirt she wears, thick woolen stockings and stout shoes can not conceal. Her figure is supple and graceful; her hair is twisted in two long, thick, silken plaits which hang down her back; she is looking on the ground and twitching nervously at a coquettish little apron.

Before her, rather close, there is a young man, clean shaven as regards the face, with the exception of a black mustache, but wearing his hair long. He is dressed in a sheepskin capote, a white kilt, leather leggings; a skull-cap is set jauntily on one side of his head, and he is leaning dejectedly on a long staff which he grasps with both hands.

Time, evening.

"And is that your last word, Marie?" said the youth, dejectedly. "Don't you remember the old days when we went to school together and you always took my hand because you were younger and smaller; and I carried you over the bad places in winter when it was wet? And that long frost when we met the wolf and I was too frightened for you to be frightened for myself, and drove it off? And when Milosh wanted to take your new picture-book away and I would not let him, and he drew a knife and stabbed me in the arm? I was always fond of you ever since I can remember, Marie, and when I got to be old enough to think about having a wife I never cared about any girl but you. At fairs and fairs you always liked to dance with me, and I hoped we were never to be separated and I was to be happy; and now all this has come to an end, and I am to be miserable all my life, but it shall not be a long one."

"I can not help it, Stephen," said Marie, crying. "A girl can only do what her father and mother say is best. I am sure I do not want to make any one unhappy, and I should have liked to remain a child always; it was very nice for you to be my little friend; but we have grown up, and my father says I must marry some one else, and I don't like it; but what is to be done?"

"At this moment it seemed to Marie's parents that the interview, which they had connived at rather than permitted, had lasted long enough, for the door above opened, and they both appeared at the entrance. The mother, a buxom, middle-aged dame, called to the girl, who held out her hand to her lover, and then ran up the staircase, which her father immediately afterwards descended, pipe in hand.

"Look here, Stephen," he said, leading the young man a little way from

the house; "if ever you are a father you will know that you must do the best you can for your children, to get them on, and see them happy and prosperous. Now, your family has been unfortunate; I do not say that it was their fault—far from it. Your father was my very good friend, but he did not manage, somehow, to keep on good terms with the pacha, and he lost everything, including his life. I risked something at the time by befriending you, a little child and an orphan; for he was a vindictive man, that pacha, and if he had known it, would have owed me a grudge. Afterwards I helped, with others, to set you up in the farm you cultivate. You have worked well; you have paid back the cattle you were started with for stock; I know that. But you are in a small way, and Government takes a great deal from us, though we ought not to grudge that, so long as they leave us in peace; but still, when a man is poor and struggling it keeps him poor and struggling. Marie would have to work harder and live more roughly as your wife than she does now, and neither her mother nor myself would like that. Her children would have to be laborers of a lower class than is suitable for our family. And our Marie can do better. I have a friendly feeling for you, and you will always be welcome under my roof, for your own sake as well as your father's; but I must take care of my own child first. Think no more of it, Stephen."

He held out his hand, which the young man took, not very warmly, for his heart was full of bitterness.

"I can join the insurgents and get killed, at any rate," he muttered. "That is the best thing for such a mean and unfortunate wretch as I am to do. And I shall be striking a blow in revenge for my father, at any rate."

So saying he strode off in the direction of the village, while the old man shrugged his shoulders with a pitying smile and retraced his steps to his comfortable fireside.

It was the same eternal story, ever old yet fresh, no matter whether the scene is laid in a Bulgarian village or a Belgravian mansion—youth love and old prudence in opposition.

Likewise, there always seems to be some peculiar connection between disappointed affection and fighting, which leads the youth whose heart is blighted to seek the remedy of a broken head. Hodge, betrayed, enlists; the jilted Jacques courts the otherwise dreaded conscription. So Stephen, when he could not have the girl he wanted, determined to take it out of the Mohammedan oppressor.

The insurrection had not spread to that immediate district. It was a quiet, industrious village, and though the inhabitants bore no love to the Turks, none of them were inclined to take part in what they considered a hopeless struggle, which could only result in drawing swift vengeance upon their heads. But Stephen knew as well where to apply for information as the lovelorn British swain knows where the recruiting sergeant is to be found, and he went direct to the house of the *papa*, or priest.

A girl of about ten came to the door, and led the way into a small inner apartment, where Stephen opened his heart to the *papa*, concluding with an expression of his determination to devote himself to the cause of his country, and asking for directions where to find the headquarters of the insurgents.

"I can not dissuade you, my son," said the *papa*, "if you feel yourself called upon to take part in this effort to free the land from the heathen oppressor. It is a holy cause, and one not so hopeless as many deem it. Other countries are ready to join in it, and a little success will embolden Serbia to declare war against the Turk. And there is another and stronger power, whose sympathy is with the Christian, and whose secret aid may be depended upon. Russia, the land to which our Church is dearest, will not stand quite idly by. And, above all, God will protect those who fight in His own cause. But it is necessary to be prudent, and let no one know of your intention, or else an excuse will be given to the Turk to work his wicked will upon this devoted village. Go home; make some excuse for a long journey, and depart upon it openly."

He then gave him minute directions what further steps to take, blessed and dismissed him. In obedience to the *papa's* injunctions, Stephen gave out that he had received news from a relative at Widdin, who was carrying on a prosperous trade in that town, and invited him to come and join him. So he sold off what little stock he had, took leave of his old friends, and prepared to start, though not in the direction of the Danube.

It was very early in the morning—still dark, in fact—that he strapped his knapsack, which was lighter than his heart, upon his back, and set out on his journey. His course at first was across a plateau, wild, covered with rank herbage. A bitter north wind swept across the plain; above, black masses of cloud scudded swiftly along, ever and anon scattering down white powdery flakes—the first snow of the winter. When he had stridden along, with his head bent to the blast, for about half an hour the sky grew lighter, and the first streaks of dawn were visible in the east. Almost at the same time he saw, not 20 yards from him, a figure which caused him to crouch down among the long grass. Unless the uncertain light deceived him, a mounted soldier! The increasing dawn soon showed that he had done well to conceal himself, for the misty object resolved itself into a Bashibazouk vedette. There he sat, with the butt of his carbine in the pommel of his saddle, and his back to the blast, man and horse motionless as an equestrian statue; all the more alert and soldierlike, perhaps, because he would be soon called in, and his superior officer might be expected to make his appearance every minute.

What did it mean, these Turkish soldiers being in the neighborhood, and taking the precautions of men in presence of an enemy? Had the insurgents met with success? Had the insurrection spread? An officer and three men rode up, fortunately from the opposite side to where Stephen lay hid, and the solitary horseman joined them.

"What nest of infidels lies yonder?" asked one, as they rode on.

"Vissas."

"When shall we teach those Gisors a lesson, Captain?"

"We shall see; perhaps to-morrow or next day, if you behave yourselves. Trot!"

It is impossible to describe the horror which seized Stephan when he heard these words. When he rose from his place of concealment, you would have thought that he had seen a ghost.

The friends, the playmates of his childhood, the priest he honored, the little toddling things who knew him and ran out for a frolic, his name when he passed by—above all, Marie—at the mercy of those fiends!

All idea of pursuing his journey vanished from his mind; his only thought was to save her he loved.

Thodoraki Durban was much surprised that morning when he was interrupted in the operation of breaking in a young colt by the apparition of Stephan, whom he had thought far away by that time, breathless and excited. When he heard the young man's story he looked very grave; and indeed his mind was sorely perplexed. The risk of remaining he knew to be great, but then, on the other hand, to fly was ruin. He had a store of hoarded cash which he could carry with him, it is true, but his chief possessions were his flocks, his herds, the contents of his granaries, and all these must be left behind.

Stephan was doubtful what to do about warning the neighbors. A general stampede would at once be observed, and the retreat of those he cared most for cut off without any good being done to any body. And yet he could not bear to leave them all to their fate without a word. So he sought the *papa* and confided what he had seen and heard to him, so shifting the responsibility. What use the *papa* made of the information, however, can never be known.

At nightfall Thodoraki Durban and Stephan put the two best horses into the lightest cart, which they loaded with the most valued of such goods as they could carry with them. The mother and daughter then got in, and the fugitives set out, as quietly as might be, for the mountain track they knew of.

They were fortunate enough to reach the Servian Territory without adventure. Marie and her mother were safely provided for, and the father and the lover both joined the Servian army.

Here they soon learned that their flight had not been a rash and unnecessary act of pusillanimity. The village had been sacked, and what that means every body must know pretty well by this time. It does not matter what the period is or what the nationality, unrestrained military successes are always the same. When there is any mitigation it is purely the result of discipline.

The *papa*, a widower and childless, was slain on the threshold of the deserted church.

Should Stephan survive the present troubles and renew his suit for the hand of Marie, he will not be objected on the ground of poverty, for Thodoraki Durban is much on a level with him so far as worldly possessions are concerned. "It is an ill wind that blows no one good,"—Cassell's Magazine.

A Lady Accidentally Shoots a Friend at a Party.

Last Thursday night J. Koehuecke and wife, who have been married but three weeks, gave a party at their house, on the corner of Bush and Fillmore Streets. Among those present was the father of Mrs. Koehuecke, who came from Oakland, bringing a revolver with him for the purpose of purchasing cartridges to fit it. At 11 o'clock Mrs. Koehuecke picked up the weapon and asked her father whether it was loaded. He said it was not. She then in sport pointed it at her husband, and snapped it two or three times. A young man named Otto A. Decker, one of the guests, then laughingly remarked to the lady that he would take the weapon. She said "If you try it I will shoot you," and pointed the weapon full cock at him. He advanced, when she pulled the trigger, an explosion followed, and Decker fell to the floor, wounded in the breast. The revolver had one cartridge in it, which fact the father did not know. The wounded man was taken into a room, where he stated to ex-Chief of Police Cockrill and Officer Doran that the shooting was purely accidental, and that he did not hold Mrs. Koehuecke responsible. Officer Doran, however, placed the lady under arrest, and charged her with having made an assault with a deadly weapon. The lady was taken to the City Prison, where she was in hysterics nearly all night. Yesterday she was released on filing a bond of \$2,000. The wound which Mr. Decker received is a very serious one.

—San Francisco Call.

A Town of Dwarfs.

A writer in the London Times describes the effect of excessive intermarriage on the inhabitants of Protes, a little town in the province of Santander, Spain. Until 18 or 19 years ago, the village was quite shut off from the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from their ever recurring intermarriages, had become quite a race of dwarfs. On market days the priests might be seen, with long black coats and high black hats, riding to purchase the simple provision for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks. About 18 years ago the Galician laborers, or Gallegos, from the mines of Galicia, swarmed into the town for lodgings, etc., and since their colonization the population has increased in strength, stature, education, intellect, and morality. Their intellects, also, have improved—intellects which had been stunted, dwarfed, and ruined by their frequent intermarriages.

—A tourist describes the sale of snails in the town of Tivoli, near Rome, as a source of much profit to the peasants of that district. The flavor is pronounced delicious, more so than scollops or oysters.

—In some parts of Michigan cider is selling at a dollar a barrel.

SPORTING ON JAMES ISLAND.

A Little Spot on the Gulf that Supplies the High-Prized Pompano—Fishes of a Favoured Coast—Bushels at a Single Haul.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

TALLAHASSEE, Dec. 17, 1876.—Our destination was James Island. Through the mullen dusk our boat flitted like some great white-winged bird, until the island, a huge, dark oval, arose before us, with one single fire glaring from its front. We made for the fire, effected a landing, found that it was the camping place of a party of hunters who had been into the interior of the island and had come back with five deer, fourteen turkeys, and a pile of smaller game. We joined them, and were soon seated around their blazing fire, eating venison that was rich with the flavor of the woods, and turkey breasts that had grown fat and aromatic with a year's picking amid the plentiful dainties of the hammock.

James Island is 13 to 16 miles long, and about four miles and a half wide. It has no inhabitants, except six or eight people, who are simply gamekeepers for the four or five Floridians who have clapboard shanties there, in which they spend the summer hunting and fishing. It abounds in game. Being rather inaccessible it is not hunted over much, and turkeys and deer swarm on every side, the trees are alive with squirrels, partridges run in clusters through every cover, the lagoons and inlets are covered with ducks and bullheads, the stately bear marches not unfrequently through thicker hammocks, the wary wild-cat crouches on many a branch, and tradition has located the dread panther here and there throughout the island. It is not unusual for a party doing a two days' hunt in this secluded locality to kill a dozen deer and a score of fat turkeys, the limit, indeed, being usually put just where hunting ceases and slaughter begins.

In the morning it was decided that three hours should be given to hunting, and that we should then start homeward, stopping for a while at the oyster banks of St. Marks. Letting those gentlemen who had a freestride plunge into the heart of the island, I devoted my time to picking fat squirrels out of the trees around our camp. They were peculiar squirrels. Nearly as large as rabbits, with black heads, whitish ears, and jaws swelled out as if they had a double barreled chew of tobacco on hand. I fired at them continuously for three hours, killing eight, but missing so many that Mr. Mantion Marble, who was sitting near by reading "Kubla Khan" through gold rimmed spectacles, removed his smelling-bottle from his nose long enough to humiliate me with the title of "Young-Man-with-a-Crooked-Gun!"

The hunting-party returned at 9 o'clock, with a bag full of partridges, some ducks, and four turkeys. They had wounded several deer, but didn't catch them. Feeling that we could not return to the city without a deer, we ignominiously purchased one. He was a splendid buck, the only difficulty being that there was only one bullet hole in him; thus limiting the glory of killing him to only one of his purchasers. We tried hard to get one that was well ridged with bullets, with at least one hole for each hunter, but we failed. Getting our game aboard a boat, we were soon at the lighthouse, where we stopped for a while to look into the fisheries and oyster beds.

This is one of the largest and most promising oyster beds on the southern coast. It is a natural or wild bed, but the oysters are very fine. The supply is simply limitless. There are probably 150 boats engaged in the oyster business here. The machinery and method are both simple and primitive. One wishing to go into it buys a boat that costs anywhere from five to fifty dollars. It is made so that it can be either sailed or rowed. He then needs only an oyster hook, and he is ready for work. With this hook, about four feet long, and furnished with four prongs, he leans over his boat's edge, when he has reached the beds, and pulls the oysters in. He generally hooks only one or two of the bivalves at a grab, but frequently gets at one haul a matted bunch of ten, twenty, or even fifty. He can easily put in six or seven bushels, as much as a single-manned boat will carry, in three or four hours, and then putting his boat abreast of the tide floats in to market with the ingoing water, or, better still, before a spanking wind. Reaching the ancient village of St. Marks, he hurries forward to sell his load.

The market price is twenty-five cents a bushel for the oysters on the boat, the buyer to unload them. The boatman usually gets the job of unloading them himself, being paid therefor five cents a bushel. The oysterman thus gets from one dollar and eighty cents to two dollars for his day's work. As soon as he sells out, he gets in position for the outgoing tide, and floats down to the gulf again, sleeping on his boat.

It costs 10 cents a bushel to get these oysters to Tallahassee. Consequently they are worth here about 60 cents a bushel. Oysters from this point are shipped to various points in the South, and are inferior only to the plant oysters of Mobile and Norfolk. They have an extremely rich flavor—in fact, it is thought too rich by many—and are of very large size.

Of more importance, and more lucrative than the oyster banks, are the fisheries along this favored coast. It is hard to name a Southern fish that is not caught in quantities here. The finest table fish in the world, excellent in flavor and delicacy, the pompano, is caught here freely. In fact, this little spot on the gulf supplies the whole Eastern demand. The pompano is a light, handsomely shaped fish, slender than a trout, and with a small head. It has but one bone, the spinal. Its flesh is of fine fiber, with a rich, oily taste, and it is the highest priced fish in the New York restaurants. The pompano season is quite short, lasting hardly a month.

Gigantic sheepsheads are caught here and shipped by the hundred barrels to the great cities, where it is a favorite cheap fish. Its flesh is coarse, but of pronounced flavor, and free of bones.

There is another fine table fish called the salt-water trout, that ranks high, though they are hardly equal to the

trout taken from the great fresh-water lakes. They are caught with hook and line, and a fisherman can hardly average over a bushel a day. They are sold in strings at from 10 to 25 cents a bushel.

The great fish of this mart is the mullet. It is impossible to say how many barrels of mullet are shipped from this point in a season. I am certain not less than 350 barrels a day. Fishing-smacks ply from the lighthouse to all points on the gulf, and immense quantities are shipped by rail to Tallahassee, and distributed from that point.

It is a pretty sight to see these fishermen at work. They are wonderfully adroit with their cast nets. They will throw one, fifteen feet across, with the ease that a Mexican throws his lasso, spinning it open in the air until it resembles a great balloon, and dropping it upon the school of fish with unerring accuracy. The mullet run in schools, myriads of them feeding together. To run one of these schools into shallow water, and after penning them in with a huge seine an eighth of a mile long, drive them to the shore, is rare sport, and wonderfully lucrative. The amount of fish captured at one of these hauls is almost incredible. I have the authority of John L. Crawford for saying that he witnessed the taking of 200 bushels of fish at one haul of a seine not quite 200 yards in length, and manned by ten people; and Mr. Abe Terrell says that he saw 200 bushels of mullet caught at one haul by a seine 218 yards long and 15 feet deep by twelve men. The mullet are worth \$4 a bushel (\$8 a barrel) on the beach. This was over \$1,000 worth of fish taken at one pulling of a seine.

The Rule of Contraries.

It doesn't require any astrologist or medium or gypsy with a dirty pack of cards. It is very simple, lies in a nutshell, and can be expressed in a very few words. The plan is this: If a girl expresses a fondness for majestic men with large whiskers, make up your mind that she will marry a very small man with none. If she declares that "mind" is all she looks for, expect to see her stand before the altar with a very pretty fellow who has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow. If, on the contrary, she declares she must have a handsome husband, look about for the plainest person in the circle of her acquaintances, and declare "that is the man," for it will be. Men are almost as bad. The gentleman who desires a wife with a mind and mission marries a lisping baby, who screams at the sight of a mouse and hides her face when she hears a sudden knock at the door. And the gentleman who dreads anything like strong-mindedness exults in the fact that his wife is every thing he detested. If a girl says of one, "Marry him! I'd rather die!" look upon the affair as settled and expect cards to the wedding of these two people. If a man remarks of a lady, "Not my style at all," await patiently the appearance of his name in the matrimonial column in connection with that lady's. And if any two people declare themselves "friends and nothing more" you may know what will come next.

Senator Nye and Secretary Stanton.

Nye went to Secretary Stanton once to make a petition for some dead soldiers' orphans. It was in the darkest days of the war. Stanton said, "I have not time, Mr. Nye, to see to what you want." "Suppose you take time, Mr. Secretary," said Nye. "You are unreasonable, Mr. Nye, in pressing such a thing at this time," said Stanton. "Permit me to say that you are the unreasonable man," answered Nye. "If you were not a United States Senator I should say you were very impertinent," said Stanton, laughingly. "If you were not a great Secretary of War I should be tempted to say you are making a fool of yourself," replied the old Gray Eagle, with his eyes blazing. Stanton looked at him a moment, and then, softening, said: "Maybe I am, Jim; who knows?—come inside and tell me all about it." "Now, Ned, my boy, you are growing sensible," said Nye, and the business was quickly arranged.

—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Sagacity of Mice.

While Captain Gilgès, who is employed at the Kansas and Missouri Bridge, was cracking some hickory nuts recently in the watch-office at the end of the bridge, his attention was arrested by the appearance of several mice on the floor looking after the discarded nutshells, which yet contained small particles of kernels. Thinking to watch their maneuvers he stepped outside the door of his office. He did not remain long until one of the little animals took up one of the shells, and climbing a considerable distance up the wall let it fall to the floor. This was repeated several times, until the small portion of the kernel which had eluded human research had become loose enough to be readily extracted. When through with one piece another piece was taken up and carried through the same process, showing clearly to the watcher that the first instance was not a mere accident.

—Leavenworth Times.

The Importance of Habit.

I trust every thing, under God, to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of a child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your loquacious. Give a child the habit of steadily regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all impudence that can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of brushing into an element in which he can not breathe as of lying or cheating or swearing.—Lord Brougham.

FOURTEEN whales have been killed off Pigeon Point, California, this season.

The Khedive's Music-Box.

M. Samuel Troll, *filis*, of this city, says the Geneva *Continent*, has just finished for the Khedive of Egypt certainly the biggest, and finest, and probably the handsomest musical box ever made. Its beautiful case is about as big as a bureau, and is covered with a full-sized ebony, and inlaid with zinc and brass-work, and ornamented with bronze-chasing and plates. The interior of this remarkable box is a perfect marvel of ingenuity; it includes all the improvements for selecting tunes, a patent moderator, etc., and is finished with flute, flute-basso, drum-bells, and castanets. The repertoire, consists of 132 tunes supplied by 11 cylinders, which can be exchanged at pleasure, each of them being 6 inches in diameter and 26 inches long. Notwithstanding its Broomfield dimensions, like all others of its kind, it performs automatically—when the Khedive desires to treat himself to a concert he needs only to touch a spring, and if his highness should grow weary of the monotony of his 132 tunes, he has but to communicate with the ingenious and enterprising manager of M. Troll's establishment—Mr. Geo. Baker—who can speedily supply him with the materials for a few additional hundreds. To complete our description we ought to mention that the price to be paid for the box is 20,000 francs. As this peculiar Swiss work of art will leave Geneva in the course of a few days, we should advise those of our readers who may have time and opportunity not to omit making a visit to the warehouse in the Rue Boulevard; they may count on a courteous reception from Mr. Baker, who will be happy to show them his big box, the result of eighteen months of assiduous labor, and of whose successful completion his firm may be justly proud.

Dress Humbug.

The handsome dresses which have been worn in Washington for two winters past, and which were described with a flow of adjectives that would make Noah Webster hang his head over the failure of his English dictionary, were gotten up in this city, and modeled on the forms of the fair wearers, whose vanity prompted them not to contradict the next morning's dispatches that Mrs. B.'s dress was Worth's latest and cost \$10,000, when a few knew that Mme. Donovan or Mme. Soule could testify in any court that that dress had never been seen or touched by Worth or any other Parisian modiste, and that the \$10,000 dress cost just \$250, and that the lace trimmings had foamed over the columns of every newspaper represented in Washington, from Maine to California, for the last three years. This love of fraudulent display is a weakness of the average society woman in Washington.—Washington Letter.

Disease Grows Apace.
Like an ill wind, and cannot be mastered too early. What is a trifling attack of sickness to-day may, if untreated, lead to a serious case in a week. Small ailments should be nipped in the bud before they blossom into full blown maladies. If this advice were attended to, many a heavy bill for medical attendance might be avoided. When the liver is disordered, the stomach, bowels obstructed, or the nerves disturbed, resort should at once be had to that supreme remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a few doses of which will restore healthy action and put the system in perfect order. It is a wise precaution to keep this incomparable preventive in the house, since it checks, with unrivaled promptitude, disorders which breed others far more dangerous, and in their latest developments are themselves often fatal.

"Old Reliable."
There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the permanent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierce's Pocket Medical and Family Book are given away at drug stores.

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